

BRITANNIA'S Memorial.

*En quo Discordia Cives
Perduxit miseros —*

By the Author of the *Blackbird's Song*.

UPON the fruitful Banks of *Tame*, whilst mournfully
I sat,
Britannia to my view appear'd, lamenting her hard
Fate.

With *Doubts* oppress'd, and mighty *Woe*, the weeping *Matron* stood;
Whilst the kind *Streams* her Sighs repeat in murmurs from the
Flood.

The Winds her doleful *Accents* bore t'wards that distracted *Place*,
Where all the fatal *Scenes* are laid to compass her *Disgrace*.

Hast, hast, says she, you busie *Waves*, to yon stupendous *Pile*,
And thither bear my sad *Complaints* 'gainst this ungrateful *Isle*.
With *Speed* unwonted reach the *Shore*; *Britannia* bids you go;
And to the poor oppress'd *Realm* her *Grief* and *Danger* show.
And here she struck her aged *Breast*; vain guilty *Sons*, says she,
You force your *Ruin* on too fast for me to remedy.

Long, long, alas! it cannot be, before the angry *G O D*;
Provok'd by your repeated *Crimes*, will reassume his *Rod*.
Black *Clouds* of *Vengeance* hover round, and *Justice* cries aloud;
Revenge, Revenge *Britannia's Wrongs* on this *Rebellious Croud*.

And here again she struck her *Breast*; Great *God*, says she, forbear
For your *Britannia's* sake awhile this sinful *Island* spare.

Once more I beg you'll give me leave, with *Sorrow* to relate
Those direful *Omens* that portend *Britannia's* speedy *Fate*.

At this I nearer to her came, and as she turn'd about,
Amidst the *Ofiers* where I sat, by chance she spy'd me out.

Briton, says she, if such thou art, a *Wand'rer* in *Distress*,
This *Place* is only fit for those whom doleful *Thoughts* possess.

If thou art one of that poor few, *Britannia's* *Wrongs* lament,
Here thou in silent *Shades* may'st sit, and give thy *Sorrows* vent.

And if for that intent you came, my *Son* draw nigh and hear
Britannia's sad *MEMORIAL* may well deserve thy *Ear*.

This *Isle*, whose Name I long have born, a Name so much a-
Is now become an abject *Place*, and ev'ry where abhor'd. (dord,
Such monstrous things my *Sons* have done, the *Authors* of my *Shame*,

That all the petty *Nations* round despise *Britannia's* Name.

Oh! *Britain, Britain*, thou that once, Didst *Europe's* *Balance* hold,
How is thy *Reputation* sunk, Thy *Glory* *Bought* and *Sold*.

Honour and *Justice, Truth*, and *Right*, Have quite forsook this *Isle*,
Whilst *Faction, Pride*, and *Avarice*, Grow fat upon the *Soil*.

Religion's grown an empty *Word*, Which *Fools* or *Knaves* despise.
And only use it as a *Cloake*, To cheat the *People's* *Eyes*.

Those formal *Saints* who most pretend, Are *Fiends* in *Masquerade*,
Their *Sanctity* is all *Design, Mere Artifice* and *Trade*.

The *Church* is but a word of course, And *Monarchy* the same,
And both are only us'd for *Tools*, To carry on their *Game*.

Nor is their *Kindness* to the *Prince*, but only *Trick* and *Art*,
The *King*, the *King* is in their *Mouth*, But *Commonwealth's* at *Heart*.

Int'rest and *Rule*, possess their *Souls*, the rest is all *Design*,
Till they both *King* and *Church*, and *State*, Can safely undermine.

Even *Those* that make the loudest noise, And most of *Justice* boast,
Abstracted from their *secret Views*, *Prevaricate* the most.

Oh *Briton*! has this *Isle* a *Man*, above the *Power* of *Gain*,
Whom neither *Bribes* nor *Flatt'ries*, nor dire *Ambition* stain.

Who safely *Steers* betwixt *Extreams*, and boldly speaks his *Mind*,
Who fears no *Harm*, nor knows no *Ill*, acts free and unconfin'd.

Who loves his *King* and *Country* both, for *King* and *Countrys* sake,
And has no base *Sinister* *Aims*, nor after *Game* to make;

But is, and ever was the same, and always will be so,

Whose steady *Mind* no *Turn of State* can shake or overthrow.

Britain, a few such Gallant *Men*, would still preserve the *Isle*,
Contending *Parties* Reunite, and *Factions* Reconcile:

Their better *Genius* must prevail, in spite of *Party* *Rage*,
And make *Britannia's* *Glory* rise in her declining *Age*.

Virtue and *Justice* ever were, and will be still the same,
And tho' they're very oft oppress'd, at last they win the *Game*.

At this she stop'd, then bowing low, I made this short *Reply*,
None better knows *Britannia's* *Cafe*, nor dreads it more than I.

All you were pleas'd to say I find, by sad experience true;
I, *Ruine* gath'ring ev'ry where, with deep *Distraction* view.

Folly and *Vice* gain ground a-pace, and mightily prevail,
Whilst *Virtue's* forc'd to hide her *Head*, and *Right* and *Justice* fail.

The *Seeds* of *Discord* daily grow, and *Faction* spreads so fast,
That 'tis impossible that long, *Britannia's* *Peate* can last,

Unless the *God* of *Providence*, to whom so much she owes,
As heretofore, in her *Distress*, shall timely interpose.

In that vile *Town* from whence I came, I tremble when I tell,
What harden'd *Villains* shelter there, and how secure they dwell.

Murder and *Incest* there may find a *Patron* and a *Friend*,
And *Multitudes* audaciously, *Rebellion* Recommend.

For *Perjury* and breach of *Oaths*, there's some *Religion* plead,
Others for *Bullies, Bawds*, and *Whores*, as loudly intercede

The *Atheist* there has *Advocates*, and *Thieves* and *Cheats* can find
On all occasions *Knaves* and *Rogues*, to vindicate their *Kind*.

There is no *Crime* of any sort, nor *Vice* of any size,
But some in this enormous *Town*, will own, and Patronise.

Nor is the *Country* free from *Guilt*, a general *Depravation*,
Infects all *Orders* and *Degrees* throughout the giddy *Nation*.

All *Parties* have their *Darling* *Sins*, and each peculiar *Self*,
Has some innate and besome *Crimes*, their very *Souls* affect.

The *Holy* *Tribe* for sordid *Gain*, new *Principles* advance, — (*Crance*.
Speak, Preach and *Pray*, 'gainst *Truth* and *Right*, thro' *Fear* or *Ignorance*.

With *Party* Noise the *Pulpits* ring, strange *Doctrines* they avow,
Such *Doctrines* *Britains* never heard, nor never can allow

At this *Britannia* wrung her Hands, and thus again reply'd;
All my *Calamities* I owe to this ungrateful *Tribes*.
Their vile *Defections* wounds me deep, and stabs my very *Soul*,
Destroys all *Prospects* of Relief, does all my hopes controul.
Ungrateful *Tribes*, have I for you, so many *Conflicts* past,
To be, in my declining *Age*, scorn'd and despis'd at last.
Touch'd with the Sence of *Guilt* and *Shame*, look back to former
(Times,

And try before it be too late, to expiate your *Crimes*.
Resent in time *Britannia's* Wrongs, and listen to her cry,
Now sinking underneath the weight of *Faction's* Tyranny.
Your *ancient* Courage Reassume, and piously combine;
To guard her from *Phanatick* Rage, in Holy Ardours joyn.
Let no Divisions, no Pretence, your *Duty* circumvent,
No Doubts or Fears your thoughts divert, her *Ruine* to prevent.
Justice and *Truth* are on your side, there only wants a *Will*,
To baffle all her *Enemies*, and to preserve her still.
'Tis you alone can ease her pain, and calm this stubborn *Isle*,
Defeat *Sedition* and *Revenge*, and *Faction* Reconcile.
Or if you cannot quench her *Flames*, this *Honour* you will have,
To mix her *Ashes* with your *Tears*, and mourn her in the *Grave*.

Briton, says she, hast to yon *Town*, and this *Memorial* bear,
Britannia cannot long survive, without her *Clergies* care.
Shew them in strange and pressing *Terms* their *Danger* and their
(Fate;

And urge 'em to prevent them both before they're out of *Date*.
Shew them how *Strangers* from abroad, will with *Imperious* Sway,
Make them and all the *Isle* submit, and *Idol* Gods obey.
Or else their *Mortal* Foes at home, *Religion* will Divide,
And parcel out the *Church's* Rights to every carking *Tribes*.
Vast *swarms* of *Sects* will hither crawl, and furiously Contend,
Till *Comprehension* swallows all, and there the *Church* will End.

And here again she wrung her hands, oh *Britons* can you bear?
To see your *Mother* in *Distress*, and not her *Anguish* share.
The *Prospects* of approaching *Woe*, distort my labouring *Breast*,
And quite *Destroys* my future *Hopes*, and all my *Thoughts* of rest.
Nothing but dismal *Doubts* and *Fears*, attend my weary *Mind*,
No *Respite* from substantial *Grief*, my *tortur'd* Sences find.
Which way so e're I turn my *Eyes*, *compendious* *Crimes* appear,
And *Mischiefs* of uncommon *Size* are scatter'd ev'ry where.
If of the *Senate* or the *Court*, I take a distant view,
The *Prospects* but augment my *Pain*, and bitter *Thoughts* renew.
Distraction, *Jealousie* and *Pride*, *Resentment* and *Dispair*,
And *Discord* urg'd by *Party* Feuds, are all *Triumphant* there.
The *Statesmen*, for peculiar *Ends*, exclaim and make a pother,
The *Old* Ones at the *New* Ones Rail, the *New* at One-another.
The *Senators* Divide, and *Vote*, and strenuously *Debate*,
Which *Party* shall be uppermost, and which shall guide the *State*.
Whilst all the time the *Publick* Good, lies fallow and undone,
And only *Party* Noise and *Strife* with *Vigor* carry'd on.

Next if to view the *Courts* of *Law* I turn my weeping *Eyes*,
Justice and *Conscience* hide their *Heads*, and *Right* expiring lies.
The poor *Man's* Cause is thrown aside, neglected and postpon'd.
Whilst *wealthy* *Knaves* and *perjur'd* *Cheats* are all careful and own'd.
The *Lawyers* *snarl*, and *scold*, and *hawl*, and *wrangle* for their *Fee*,
And yet they're all but *Slaves* to *Gold*, and lost to *Probity*.
Poor despicable sordid *Tools*, who to be *Rich* and *Great*,
Toil thro' a tract of wretched *Life* in *Clamour* and *Deceit*.
Stick at no *Vice* for paltry *Gain*, *Monopolize*, *Encroach*,
Trapan, *Betray* and *Circumvent*, at last to keep a *Coach*.
The lower *Tribes* of scribbling *Knaves*, that *Pettifogging* *Crew*,
Without regard to *Right* or *Wrong*, all wicked *Arts* pursue.
Inur'd to all degrees of *Ill*, and to *Corruption* bred,
To *swear*, *for swear*, *suborn* and *lie*, by powerful *Int'rest* led,
These *Vermin* have o'er-run the *Isle*, and now increase so fast,
Like *Locusts* they devour all, and swallow me at last.
How calm and happy was this *Place* e'er this litigious *Brood*
Had their *infectious* *Venom* spread in ev'ry *Neighbourhood*.
Where now by treach'rous *Arts* and *Tricks* the *People* they deceive,
First rob 'em of their *Intellects*, and then of all they have.

If next to the *Exchange* I look, there's nothing but *Deceit*,
Fair *Dealing* has forsok the *Place*, where *Trade's* a common *Cheat*.
Stock-Jobbing and *Monopoly* are chiefly now in vogue,
And he that will get *Money*, first must learn to play the *Rogue*.
An honest *Man* has no Pretence, the utmost he can do,
Is to support his *Family*, and that's uncertain too.
Commerce is lost and *Credit* sunk, The *Manufactures* fail,
The poor *Artificers* all starve or perish in a *Jayl*.
The *Tradesmen* walk about their *Shops* like *Wretches* in *Despair*;
Unless they'll *Trust* and be undone they have no *Business* there.
From *Place* to *Place* they stroll about, for *Politicks* and *News*;
Big with *Enquiries* to find out what *Parties* gain or lose.
And with as much Assurance prate, and censure *Men* and *Things*;
As if the *Power* remain'd in them to make or unmake *Kings*.
Strange *Folly* this, and yet of late 'tis *Epidemick* grown,
And has infected ev'ry *Street* and *Corner* of the *Town*.
From *Courts* of *Record* and *Request*, down to the *Cobler's* *Stall*;
In their respective *Stations* they're *Politicians* all.
Each *Party* has a secret *Aim*, each *Self* a sep'rate *View*;
Which without sense of fear or shame they furiously pursue.
This speaks *Britannia's* wretched *State*, her *Danger* and her *Grief*;
And seems to represent her *Case* almost beyond *Relief*.
And thus she daily groaning stands, beneath a weight of *Woe*;
Which not another but her *Self*, so long could undergo.
Folly and *Vice* keep equal pace, and both increase so fast;
Unless that *Heav'n's* espouse her *Cause* she must submit at last.
All human *Prospects* are but dull, ridiculous and vain;
The *Froth* and mad *Effluvia* of some distemper'd *Brain*. (threw,

Thus having spoke she paus'd awhile, and round her *Mantle*
Then in a *Cloud* of ambient *Air* this *Rev'rend* *Form* withdrew.

F I N I S.